2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



behind the walls come occasional tinkling sounds of practising on a *gamelan*.

As we became more and more familiar with our new life, and our ears grew accustomed to Malay, we made friends among the Balinese. We were already weary of the stolid prudishness of Dutch hotel life, and since we could not afford the high rates much longer, we looked for another place to live. Houses for rent that were not in the Arab, Chinese, or European quarter were non-existent in those days, but somehow we became attached to the household of our first Balinese friend – Gusti Alit Oka, an intelligent and dapper young man, prince by birth, carpenter by profession, and musician by choice. He agreed to rent us one of the pavilions of his house and undertook to improve our Malay. Our household consisted of the young prince's wife and child, two widowed aunts, and an old servant, a retainer of his father, the great warrior who was killed with his brother the Radja of Bad[illegible]g in their last desperate stand against the invading Dutch [illegible]wenty-nine years ago, when our host was a baby. Like a tr[illegible] prince, Gusti had his "man," an amiable but exceedi[illegible] retainer, by name Katel, who followed his master adm[illegible] wherever he went. We settled in Gusti's house, bought a few chairs and tables, had beds made, and hired a few nonchalant servants: a *djongos* who insisted his name was "Dog," a cook, and a chauffeur. We bought a decrepit Chevrolet and gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the island, going from feast to feast, dances, and cremations.

It was my good fortune to have made friends in those days with Walter Spies, Bali's most famous resident. The son of a German diplomat in Moscow at the outbreak of the World War, Spies was already well known in Europe as a painter in 1923, when I had admired and cut out reproductions of his paintings of Russia from the *Kunstblatt*, never thinking he was to become one of my closest friends. As fine a musician as he is a painter, Spies studied the music of the Tatars while interned in the Urals

2:Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



114 during the war years. After the war he ran away from disorganized Europe to the East until he reached Java, where he was called by the Sultan of Djokjakarta to organize and lead a Western orchestra. He lived for years in the Sultan's court learning their music. Then one day he went to Bali on a visit and has remained there ever since, and may, perhaps, for the rest of his life. In his charming devil-may-care way, Spies is familiar with every phase of Balinese life and has been the constant source of disinterested information to every archæologist, anthropologist, musician, or artist who has come to Bali. His assistance is given generously and without expecting even the reward of credit. Much of his enthusiasm and energy has gone to help the work of others, but he has achievements of his own: he was the first to appreciate and record Balinese music, he has collected every pattern of Balinese art, has contributed to Dutch scientific journals, has created the Bali Museum, of which he is the curator, and has now built a splendid aquarium. An authentic friend of the Balinese and loved by them, I feel he has contributed more to the prestige of the white man than the colonial despots who fail to impress the discriminating Balinese by the policy used to bluff natives into submission.

123 The months went by as we roamed all over the island with Spies, watching strange ceremonies, enjoying their music, listening to fantastic tales, camping in the wilds of West Bali or on the coral reefs of Sanur. Walter loves to collect velvety dragonflies, strange spiders and sea-slugs, not in a naturalist's box, but in minutely accurate drawings. For days at a time he would sit in his tent drawing them, because once dead, their beautiful colours disappeared. He was temperamental when he went into seclusion to paint, he would work incessantly for months on one of his rare canvases, great pictures that made the Balinese exclaim: "Beh!" with their mouths wide open in astonishment, and that were snatched by prosperous art-loving travellers who were lucky enough to find Spies with a finished painting. There were never two paintings in his house at once. He paints dream-

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



like landscapes in which every branch and every leaf is carefully painted, done with the love of a Persian miniaturist, a Cranach, a Breughel or a Douanier Rousseau.

When I could speak fair Malay, I discovered it was not enough. Malay was the trade language between Balinese and foreigners, spoken mainly by the new generations of the towns, so I started to learn a little Balinese to be able to understand the most interesting people of the island – the older men and women – but just then we had to leave our new home to return to America. On the way back we stopped in Paris, where the Colonial Exposition was going on. There we found friends from Bali – the Tjokordes of Ubud, feudal lords of Spies's village, the leaders of the troupe of dancers and musicians that were the sensation of the exposition. With them I continued to study the difficult Balinese language, because I had then and there made up my mind to return to Bali as soon as possible. I had some random notes, and Rose had taken hundreds of photographs. Someone in Paris suggested publishing an album of the pictures, with text from the notes, which I later decided were disconnected and quite unsatisfactory. We had grown so homesick for Bali that the only thing left to do was to return, so in the summer of 1933, partly assisted by a generous scholarship from the Guggenheim Foundation and partly with our savings, we sailed back to Bali.

At first we were disappointed; the tourist rush was in full swing and we began to hear that missionaries, unknown in Bali up to the time we left, were making converts, and everybody talked of trouble on their account. In Den Pasar a great many women had taken to wearing clumsy blouses, the young were developing contempt for Balinese ways, and the people complained of poverty, another novelty in Bali. Dutch gold currency had gone up, and even there, where trade is unimportant, prices had crashed to bottom levels. Only twenty-five cents could be obtained for one of the great sheafs of rice that before brought ten times as much; a cow could be bought for five guilders, and a pig for one. The Balinese were unable to obtain cash to pay back taxes, and their

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



178 lands were being sold at auction. Newly acquired luxuries — imported articles — took their precious cash, and at first the situation seemed desperate. We feared we had made a mistake in
114 returning, and to escape the tourist-ridden, commercial Den Pasar, we went to live with our friend Spies in his beautiful house in Tjampuan, in the mountains near Ubud. We remained there for a few months among new Balinese friends, guided by the experience of Spies, working and collecting the material for this book.

But we missed our old friends and the activity of our former
114 village home. We were convinced that it was in the district of
123 Badung around Den Pasar, despite the superficial changes, that the most sumptuous feasts were held and dances and plays were most frequent. I had now a teacher and translator who gave me daily lessons and helped with manuscripts. With Spies and the teacher, we moved the entire household back to Belaluan, to our old house, the home of Gusti Oka, who had in the meantime married a new wife, a beautiful young princess. Our dear friend Siloh Biang, Gusti's first wife, had fought with Sagung, her rival, and had run away to her mother, but our return brought Siloh Biang back. She preferred to remain with us in our part of the house rather than with Gusti and his new wife, and we often had to act as mediators in their family quarrels. At times this created difficult diplomatic situations. Some of our old friends had died, others had married or moved away, and the little dancers who only left our front porch to go to bed at night had grown into serious young women of thirteen or fourteen years of age. We became again members of the quarter of the village, the *bandjar* of Belaluan, home of one of the finest orchestras on the island, the *gong belaluan*, of which Gusti was a member. We had open door to the frequent local festivals, and within our compound we had opportunity to observe the daily life of the Balinese and to collect first-hand information for this book. The details given
114 here, however, cannot be taken as applying to the entire island;
184 each community has its own code, and what is law in one place

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



735 lately, in places frequented by tourists, people are beginning to
177 ask for money as a return for a service. Ordinarily even a child would be scolded and shamed by anyone who heard him ask something from a stranger. A gift must be reciprocated and we
431 were often embarrassed by the return presents of our poor neigh-
123 bours. We gave Ktut Adi, a little dancer of eight, a scarf of no great value; one day soon after she came to us with a basket of rice, some eggs, and a live chicken, carried by her mother because the load was too great for her. Children of the neighbourhood that Rose had treated for infected wounds always came back with presents of fruit, cakes, or rice which they handed casually to our house-boy, never mentioning them to us, as if they wanted to avoid making a demonstration of their generosity. Even children have a strong sense of pride.

565 The aristocracy is despotic and arrogant, but the ordinary
181 people, although used to acknowledging the superiority of their masters, are simple and natural in an unservile and unsubmissive way. By the threat of passive disobedience and boycott they kept
[626] the princes from overstepping their bounds. Europeans com-
[648] plain that the Balinese make bad servants; they are too free, too frank, and do not respond to the insolent manner that the white man has adopted as " the only way to deal with natives."

577 Their moral code consists in maintaining their traditional behaviour, observing their duties towards their fellow villagers and paying due respect to the local feudal princes. Among themselves they are kind and just, avoiding unnecessary quarrels and solving their disputes by the simplest and most direct methods.

621 The villages are organized into compact boards or councils,
476 independent of other villages. Every married man — that is,
[623] every grown man — is a member of the council and is morally and physically obliged to co-operate for the welfare of the community. A man is assisted by his neighbours in every task he cannot perform alone; they help him willingly and as a matter of duty, not expecting any reward other than the knowledge that, were they in his case, he would help in the same manner. In this way

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



576 question with monosyllables, and one should not point with the index finger. It is better to use the words for the cardinal points to indicate direction, but if one must point, it should be done with the thumb, holding the rest of the hand closed.

574 431 The Balinese are constantly paying visits to one another, but no one would dream of making a formal visit without bringing along a gift of some sort: fruit, rice, eggs, or chickens, given casually and received without a word of thanks. It is taken for granted that the present is appreciated by the acceptance of it, but if one wants to be over-polite, one says: "*Tiang nunás*, I want it" or "I like it" (*idéh* in the common language). An object is handed with the right hand while touching the elbow with the left, and it is received with the same gesture.

431 123 The gift-problem became acute for us as we entered into a competition with our friends and neighbours for more and more valuable presents. Someone would arrive with a basket of eggs or rice; we repaid the visit taking a cheap head-cloth. On the next visit they came with piles of fruit and even live chickens, so we had to rush to the market to buy a batik shirt or a bottle of Javanese perfume. We generally ended by exchanging brocades, krisses, and so forth for pieces of silk, flashlights, and fountain pens. The Balinese are very much concerned with the price paid [435] for an object, and they always insisted on knowing what we paid for a present, until we realized that it was a great mistake to remove the price tags. When we bought new glasses or new plates, Dog, our house-boy, washed them carefully around the label so as not to rub off the price.

574 [292] [177] It is necessary to be properly dressed to pay or to receive a visit. The breasts of men and women should be covered by a special breast-cloth, a *saput* for men and a *selendang* for women. People in the house always dashed for their breast-cloth, usually an ordinary foreign towel, when a special guest arrived. Immediately the visitor was provided with green coconuts to quench his thirst, with cigarettes and betel-nut. Up-to-date Balinese like to offer soda-pop, coffee and Chinese pastries. The chewing of

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



thing. They were continually eating at odd hours, buying strange-looking foods at public eating-booths, in the market, at the crossroads, and particularly at festivals when the food-vendors did a rushing business in chopped mixtures, peanuts, and bright pink drinks. Every day a young vendor came into the compound and invariably found many customers. For five cents she served a large piece of delicious roast chicken with a strong sauce, accompanied by a package of rice that sold for an extra penny. Even small children, accustomed to look out for themselves, bought their snacks from the street vendors, waiting silently for their orders to be mashed and wrapped in neat little packages of banana leaf, paying for them with the *kepengs* they kept tied in their sashes.

Balinese food is difficult for the palate of a Westerner. Besides being served cold always, food is considered uneatable unless it is violently flavoured with a crushed variety of pungent spices, aromatic roots and leaves, nuts, onions, garlic, fermented fish paste, lemon juice, grated coconut, and burning red peppers. It was so hot that it made even me, a Mexican raised on chili-peppers, cry and break out in beads of perspiration. But after the first shocks, and when we became accustomed to Balinese flavours, we developed into Balinese gourmets and soon started trying out strange new combinations. Siloh Biang understood our appreciation of their delicacies and often brought Rose new dishes to taste. Babies are fed the peppery food as soon as they are weaned and will not touch food without spices and peppers. Most Europeans, used to beef and boiled potatoes, simply cannot eat Balinese food, but on the other hand no Balinese of the average class can be induced even to touch European food, which is *nyam-nyam* to them — that is, "flat and tasteless."

A Brahmanic priest we occasionally visited told us that under no circumstances may Balinese eat the following: "human flesh, tigers, monkeys, dogs, crocodiles, mice, snakes, frogs, certain poisonous fish, leeches, stinging insects, crows, eagles, owls, and in general all birds with moustaches"! We assured him nobody

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



males as against 576,543 females, or 49.35 per cent men and 50.65 per cent women, a percentage of women that is even below normal. Men of the nobility often have two, three, four, and even more wives, and old records mention Radjas with as many as two hundred. This is a thing of the past, however, and there are few people today who can afford more than one wife. But the Balinese are naturally polygamous and it is common for men to have lovers and for women to take the extra-marital relations of their husbands as natural.

If a man brings home a second wife, the first is not expected to show jealousy, but unpleasant situations develop if the man takes a new wife without the knowledge of his first wife. Such was the case in our household and we often had to mediate between the two wives of our host in violent squabbles that exploded for the most trivial causes. I remain under the impression, however, that it was often wounded pride rather than sentimental jealousy that brought about the tense situations, and with other families of polygamous Balinese we knew this was so. The younger wife of a friend took care of the elder wife's child, and when they visited us together one would have taken them for sisters, such was the affection they showed for each other. Often another woman with whom to share the house means company and help to the first, and thus she is welcomed, especially if the new wife was chosen, as often happens, by the first wife.

Two wives in one home have separate houses to sleep in and often they do not even live together. Many Balinese live with the first wife in the ancestral home and keep their subsequent wives in other houses and even in different villages, visiting them once in a while and only bringing them together at festivals where they all must pray together. They agree that this is the most convenient arrangement, and our harassed host confided to me that in future lives he would be wiser and would marry only once.

The free and easy status of women of the average class is not enjoyed by women of the aristocracy; their husbands are absolute masters and they live restricted and secluded in the palace,

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



535 545 captivated by the infectious rhythm, beat his drum, furiously swaying and shaking to Mario's movements. Throughout the dance there were sharp contrasts, changing moods that followed the music, alternating "strong" motives with amorous, playful ones, the dancer wriggling like a trained cobra, swaying in a way that recalled the dance of a praying mantis to fascinate its prey, or stiffening with commanding elegance.

159 123 We became great admirers of Mario and never missed his Friday performance. We even bought picture postcards of him which we tacked on the wall. One day a serious young man with a flower over his ear and his pink shirt-tails out came to the house to see Gusti, the orchestra leader and our host. He bowed politely and sat down to wait. After a short while I went into the house and found Gusti's old aunt trying eagerly to say something to me in Balinese, which in those days we had not learned to understand. She repeated the phrase over and over, each time pointing first to the postcard on the wall, then to the veranda, until it dawned on me that our visitor was the dancer Mario. After that we became close friends, and when he came from Tabanan he spent a good deal of his time with us. One day Mario did not come; someone said he was very ill, so we went to Tabanan and brought him to the Dutch doctor in Den Pasar. The doctor forbade him to dance and he was ordered to the hospital. Twice he ran away to Tabanan because he missed his wife and also because he would not drink milk. We went again to Tabanan and brought her along and arrangements were made so she could stay at the hospital to take care of Mario and so that he could have *bubur*, rice porridge, instead of milk. After leaving Bali we had word occasionally that he had not improved and had been sent to a specialist in Java. Mario never danced again. On our return to Bali two years later, he was still in a Surabaya hospital, and although some months later he came back, partly cured, he was unable to ever dance again and is now teaching dancing in Tabanan.

535 Interest in *kebiyar* waned after Mario's illness. To dance the

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



were ruled by councils of village members and officials who governed as representatives of the ancestral spirits. Since the land, source of all wealth, also belonged to the ancestors, individual ownership of land was not recognized, and it is remarkable, but typical, that the village officials still govern as a duty to the community and without remuneration.

Furthermore, the Balinese have been extremely liberal in matters of religion. Every time a new idea was introduced into the island, instead of repudiating it, they took it for what it was worth and, if they found it interesting enough, assimilated it into their religion, since no one knew what power there might be in the new gods. In this manner, from all the sects and cults that at one time or another reached the island, they selected anew the principles that best suited their own ideas and accumulated a vast store of religious power. Buddha became to them the younger brother of Siva, and if the efforts of the Christian missionaries who are attempting to convert the Balinese succeed, it is not unlikely that in the future "Sanghyang Widi," the exalted name that the missionaries have adopted for Jesus, will become a first cousin of Siva and Buddha and will enjoy offerings and a shrine where he can rest when he chooses to visit Bali.

## TEMPLES AND TEMPLE FEASTS

The temple is certainly the most important institution on the island and the clearest illustration of the spirit of the Balinese religion. There are temples everywhere, from the modest family shrines in every household, to the extravagant temples of the princes and great town temples; large or small, plain or richly carved temples found in the ricefields, in the cemeteries, in the markets, on the beaches, in caves, among the tangle of gnarled roots of old *waringins*, on deserted hill tops and even on the barren rocks along the coastline.

When we discovered that the Balinese did not seem to mind

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



346 in the least our going in and out of the temples, we started visiting them systematically, looking for unusual statues or reliefs, [123] and although from the beginning we received the impression that there were not two temples exactly alike, we became aware that there were features common to all; unlike the forbidding, sombre temples of other Oriental countries, the Balinese temple is a gay, open-air affair; one, two, or three open courtyards surrounded by a low wall, each court leading into the next through more or less elaborate stone gates, and with a number of empty sheds, pavilions, and shrines in varied styles, the majority covered with thatch, some with only one roof, others with as many as eleven superimposed roofs like pagodas.

There were no soot-blackened rooms filled with incense smoke 346 for mysterious rites performed in front of great idols; as a matter 778 of fact, there were no idols at all worshipped in any of the hundreds of Balinese temples we visited. In many there were ancient statues from former times, together with many shapeless stones kept as amulets by the community, which, because of their antiquity or because they were found in extraordinary circumstances, came to be regarded as gifts of the gods, or as their name (*peturun*) indicates, as heirlooms from their ancestors. The [776] gods are invisible and impalpable and in all Bali there is not an image of a Hindu deity worshipped for the sake of its representation. Most often not even the priests in charge were aware of the names of the divinities represented.

Our interest in temples grew when we tried to understand 12 the rules that dictated their intriguing design, but the first at- 346 tempts left us only more confused than before. Explanations by the *pemangkus*, the temple-keepers, did not agree and the discrepancies were often greater than the points of agreement. With Spies I started into a more systematic search; we went into a temple, sought the *pemangku*, and drew a plan in which the names and purposes of each unit were indicated. Repetitions started to appear in many plans, and when we had gathered many ground plans of various sorts of temples we traced the

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7



grass, but it has been discovered that it disappears quickly with salycilic alcohol from the Chinese druggists. Itches are cured with lemon juice, coconut oil, and frequent baths in hot water in which *legundí* and *ketawalí* leaves are macerated.

People after middle age complain of "bone trouble," rheumatism, due to the extreme humidity of the island, and as a preventive they wear bracelets of *kayú ulí*, a sort of black coral from Borneo. It is said that the pain can be driven out by marking the feet with a hot iron, which does not hurt the patient because "the teeth of the fire are taken away by a *mantra*." Headaches are cured by massage, but it helps to spray the forehead with a mixture of crushed ginger and mashed bedbugs. For stomachache they drink the red infusion of *medarâh* bark from Java. A cough is relieved by drinking an infusion of *blimbing buluh* flowers mixed with parched, grated coconut, also sprayed externally on the throat. Head colds are cured by massage, but it is good for sneezing to smell a piece of *telor* bark three times. Such are the most common of domestic remedies, but for each illness there are seven medicines used consecutively when the preceding ones fail to give relief. The keystone of Balinese medicine is the principle of "hot" and "cold," irritating and refreshing, also applied to foods. Thus a heated or irritated condition is cured by a cooling medicine.

The Balinese are helpless in the case of infected wounds, but it is always a means of breaking the ice with a foreign neighbour to ask for medicine for an infected cut covered with a greenish mess and wrapped in a dirty rag. Rose treated many such cases soon after our arrival in Belaluan and eventually we had a great circle of faithful friends who brought presents of food to show their appreciation. On our return trip we found that the full responsibility for such cases had fallen on our American friends Jack and Katharane Mershon, former dancers, who had settled on the malarial Sanur coast, where they conducted an improvised but effective free clinic. They spent their spare money on medicines and took turns every day treating scores of people,

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7



796 they are given a final rousing send-off (*ngelosarang*), and the villagers, their subjects, shout after them as they depart.

[118] [116] It will be seen how many of these patterns, institutionalized as homage to the godly presences, are carried over in the treatment of the entranced. The invitation to the gods to descend, by the same means as that by which they enter the god-figures, the "ladder" of smoke from the incense brazier, the dressing, the symbolic toilette, the offering of an [182] honored place to be seated, the giving of food and betel and libations of wine, and finally the send-off, all may appear in the ceremonial offered to the entranced. It must be understood that these attentions are given to the people in whom the gods have manifested their presence by the state of trance, in the same spirit as they are given to the little god-figures at the temple festival.

796 The temple festival of which we will give the record took place in the 114 temple, *Poera Nagasari*, in the village of Sajan, April 21 to 25, 1937. Sajan is the village in which I lived from 1932 till 1939, as a member of [123] the ward *Bandjar Koetoeh*, to whose 105 households the temple belongs. The record is from my notes and from those of Goesti Madé, my Balinese secretary, who with me attended throughout the proceedings, even sleeping in the temple when there was a few hours' pause in the cere- [115] monial. The officiating priest, *pemangkoe dèsa* of *Bandjar Koetoeh*, Sajan, was a good friend. He explained the various rites so far as possible as they went along, and, afterwards, gave many hours to discussing the points which remained unclear.

The 105 households of the ward *Bandjar Koetoeh* are said to *njoengsoeng* (to support, literally, to carry on the head) the temple, *Poera Nagasari*. The festival in this temple occurs once a year on the day called *boeda manis djoeloengwangi*. When, in six months, that day comes around again, a smaller festival called *sepèn* (*sepian*) is held. For the big festival, the *odalan*, the people say, "The gods stand for three days" (*Ida Betara meketeloen ngadeg*), but in reality the celebration formally begun on the evening of *boeda manis*, a Wednesday, lasts until after dawn of the following Sunday morning.

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7



*Making bathwater for the gods (Mekarja banjoen tjokor)*

Lifting all these together, he prayed a moment. Then with the faces in his left hand, he delicately dipped his little brush and flower in the bowl of water, and three times lightly brushed the faces. This bath-water of the gods now became holy, and would be later sprinkled upon and given to drink to all the members of the temple.

From the *pebersihan* the priest took a bit of cotton, and ritually wiped the little faces — a light touch, three times repeated.

Then, taking one of the faces in each of his hands, he bowed them from either side close over the bowl of the smoking brazier, quite as if they had been two little trance-dancers being imbued, through the smoke, with the spirit of the god.

It remained only to fix the little faces upon the head of the board *tapakan*, and the god was complete. But the priest did something unexpected. He placed both the little faces on one of the *tapakan*, obscuring the crudely carved visage on the board behind them. Then, with infinitely slow motions and gentle care, he returned to the *kotak*, removed from it another little bundle containing two more *pererai*, cleansed them, smoked them in the same way, and inserted them over the face of the second *tapakan*. Thus the two supports, each dressed and adorned as an entity, became each one the repository for a god and his wife, the male and the female principle, united.

This redoubling of a pattern is all too common in Balinese ritual, and the confusion which, to our minds, it entails, seems not to bother the Balinese in the least. They told us, for instance, that the two *tapakan* as they stood upon the offering-platform, before the little faces had been added, were male and female, and even volunteered that the male sat to the west, with the female upon his left hand. The *pererai*, too, were male and female, each pair. When we asked how this could be, they looked at us with pained and puzzled looks, as if to say, "How can you ask such troublesome questions, which no one has ever thought to ask before?" But the young assisting priest came to the rescue with a well-found explanation: "One of the *tapakan* is the God of Nagasari, male and female. The other is the God of the Goenoeng Agoeng (Great Mountain) with his wife, the Goenoeng Batoer." And everyone was satisfied, no one venturing to enquire how of these two entities, one could be male and the other female.

To the gods now "come down" the priest lifted the brazier once more, sprinkled from the bowl, spilled from the water-jar, and from the two bottles of palm-wine and rice-wine. Then the two priests, with the wife and the son of the old man, lifted their hands to their foreheads in obeisance to the gods, and they were borne again in ceremony across the few paces of the *Balé Pepelik* (central shrine) where they were "seated" (*ngatoerang melinggih*).

4:Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1949 OF7 Bali CF7



[796] [786] the gate as if daring the presence within the temple to come out and join in the affray.

When this part of the ritual, the circumambulation of the outer square, was at an end, the masked figures and their followers passed up the steps again and through the gate into the inner court, where the entranced were sprinkled with holy water and smoked with the incense brazier to bring them [783] out of trance, and their krisses were taken from them. Sometimes the entranced struggle violently when disarmed. One of the most conspicuous performers on this occasion, a man who had dressed himself in the ceremonial [292] cloth, *poléng* (black and white check in large squares) for both his upper scarf (*sapoet*) and his headcloth (*oedeng*), who had been especially exhibitionistic in his self stabbing and in his prancing about with wide legged [150] steps and wide eyed facial expressions, broke into tears and wept bitterly when his kris was taken from him. It happened that at this time the *méndét* dance (a dance with offerings, usually performed by women) was in order in the ritual. Our friend with the checked garb stood there a moment [535] weeping, his hands extended—and then he began dancing the *méndét* with the women.

This sort of behavior is quite common in the temple festivals of smaller village groups, and it is in practise very much easier and very much more rewarding to study behavior sequences in smaller settings, where the individuals who perform various parts may be followed and identified, preferably where the people are known to the observer as individuals, so that something of their life history and their circumstances is either known or may be readily collected afterward.

*Sindoe, April* 1937. A setting particularly well suited for this type of [346] observation was provided in the tiny temple, Poera Dalem of Sindoe (Intaran, Badoeng District) a few hundred yards down the road from the house of Katharane Mershon, one of our group of investigators. All the participants were friends of hers, and even the introduction of two or three [123] Europeans, armed with cameras and note books, and two trained Balinese [126] secretaries, busily taking notes and asking every one's name and the name of every offering and bit of ritual, did not seem to affect the ethos of the ceremonial. The occasion from which I want to select certain structural details and behavior sequences for description here was a calendric festival which lasted three days, from April 26 to April 29, 1937, on the first day from five o'clock in the afternoon to 2:35 A.M., on the last day from 8:50 P.M. till 1:42 A.M. There was an absolute orgy of trance, which every one enjoyed thoroughly. A sick girl, suffering from tuberculosis, had promised [782] the necessary extra sets of offerings to "keep" for the three days the "little

5: Belo E-5 (1931-1934)1935 OF7 Bali OF7



It was nearing sunset. A procession started for the Meeting of Rivers, the *champuh*, a holy place some half hour's walk distant from the village. About fifty relatives and friends of the twin family accompanied I Lèwèr and Ni Jungir. Women carried on their heads baskets containing the old clothes of the unclean ones, and all the utensils and receptacles for food which had been in their possession before the disaster and had not been consumed in the *kubu* fire. Arrived at the *champuh* all these things were cast away into the water (*anyudang*) which leads down to the sea. There were prayers and a few offerings, and then these people rushed into the icy water to cleanse themselves thoroughly of the *sĕbĕl* state. The *pusuh*, the pseudo-twin, was cast away also into the stream. On their return Ni Jungir, carrying her child, walked still armed with the knife and the onion, but I Lèwèr, having cast away his twin, had no longer any need for his weapon.

I Lèwèr and Ni Jungir and the remaining twin were at last purified. They were taken into the house of his brother, where they warmed themselves at the evening fire, and were glad that they might once again sleep in security within the walls of their village. There, with two families crowded into one tiny house, they would have to remain for some months. I Lèwèr meant to rebuild his house on the former site, which stands waiting and bare. But for the time he has no resources to buy the necessary materials — all that he had in cash and in wordly goods has gone in turning off the curse of the birth of the twins. From the labor of his hands and from the fruit of his land he will in time reestablish his homestead.

That night there was no more village activity. Each family retired to its house, where the fires were burning, the women crouching beside them frying meat left over from the offerings. The men sat upon the raised *balĕ's* on either side of the hearth, and the children squatted on the floor, or sat quietly in the laps of their grandfathers, listening to the talk of their elders. We were guests in the house of the *Prĕbĕkĕl*, the headman of the village by order

5: Belo E-5 (1931-1934)1935 OF7 Bali OF7



of the official Dutch government. This man has himself no place in the village council. But his father, who is now an old man to whom no one pays much attention, was once *kĕbayan*, holding the highest position in his half of the village [1]). According to the village-laws a *kĕbayan* is superannuated when his youngest child is married. He becomes *sayă*, a place of honor without power, and the position of *kĕbayan* is filled by the next highest member of his half of the village council. To the house of the Prĕbĕkĕl came that evening several of the elders from the council — there were things to discuss in the order of the ceremonies to come. In three days' time would begin the *odalan* in the temple, replacing the big *usabă* ceremony which was due on that day, at full moon. The *odalan* [2]) would last two days, and afterwards the gods must go away. They must be carried in procession to the sea or to a holy bathing place, where they would receive their "bath of purification" (*ngĕlungayang* or *mĕlis*). For in the case of the birth of boy and girl twins even the gods are dirtied. So far it had not been decided to which place the procession would go, nor on what day. The Prĕbĕkĕl would have to inform the Punggawă, head of the district, who would report to the Dutch Controleur what was being done in Sukawană. But that night nothing was decided. When the fire began to burn low the visiting elders went away, and the people of the house rolled themselves in their blankets to sleep.

On the morning following the big *mĕrĕyaschitŭ*, we were surprised to find offerings for *mĕcharu* again laid out in

[1]) The villagers are divided into two groups, *tĕngĕn* (right) and *kiwă* (left), into which they are born and remain throughout their life. Each group has its *kĕbayan*.

[2]) The *odalan* is not described because it was a ceremony belonging to the ordinary calendar of festivals in the Purŭ Balé Agung, and had nothing to do with the ceremonies occasioned by the birth of the twins. It is curious, however, to note that the *odalan* took place between the twin ceremonies, that is after the *mĕrĕyaschita* and before the *mĕlis*. In other villages where *mĕlis* was required for the birth of twins, it was arranged to take place before the *odalan*, and the people believed that only after *mĕlis* could an *odalan* be celebrated.